

A PAGE OF FUN



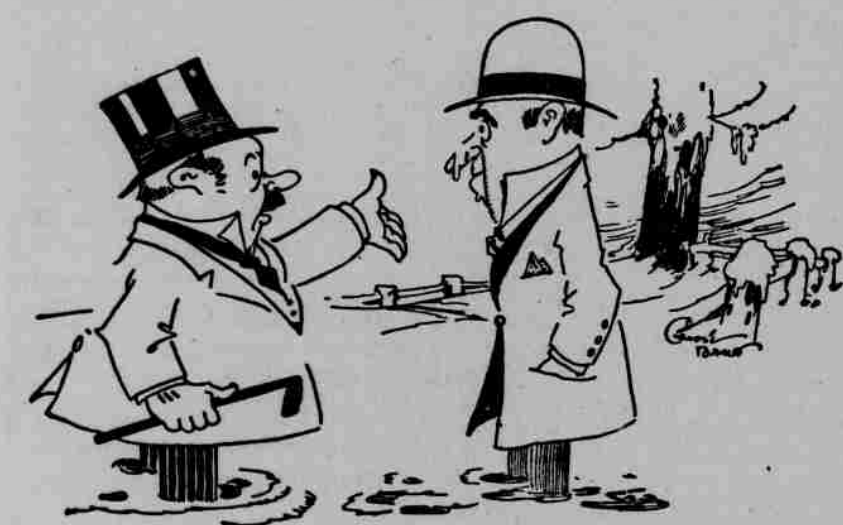
SO MEAN.

I never gossip. I never can tell anything about any one unless I can prove it to be absolutely true.
Dear, dear, how mean!



LOCAL CELEBRITY.

Postmaster—No; not much doin' in town. Did ye hear erbout Lem Huggins gittin' a telegram?
Farmer—Not Lem?
Postmaster—Yes, Lem.
Farmer—By cricky! It beats all ther way the young tellers are forgin' ter the front.



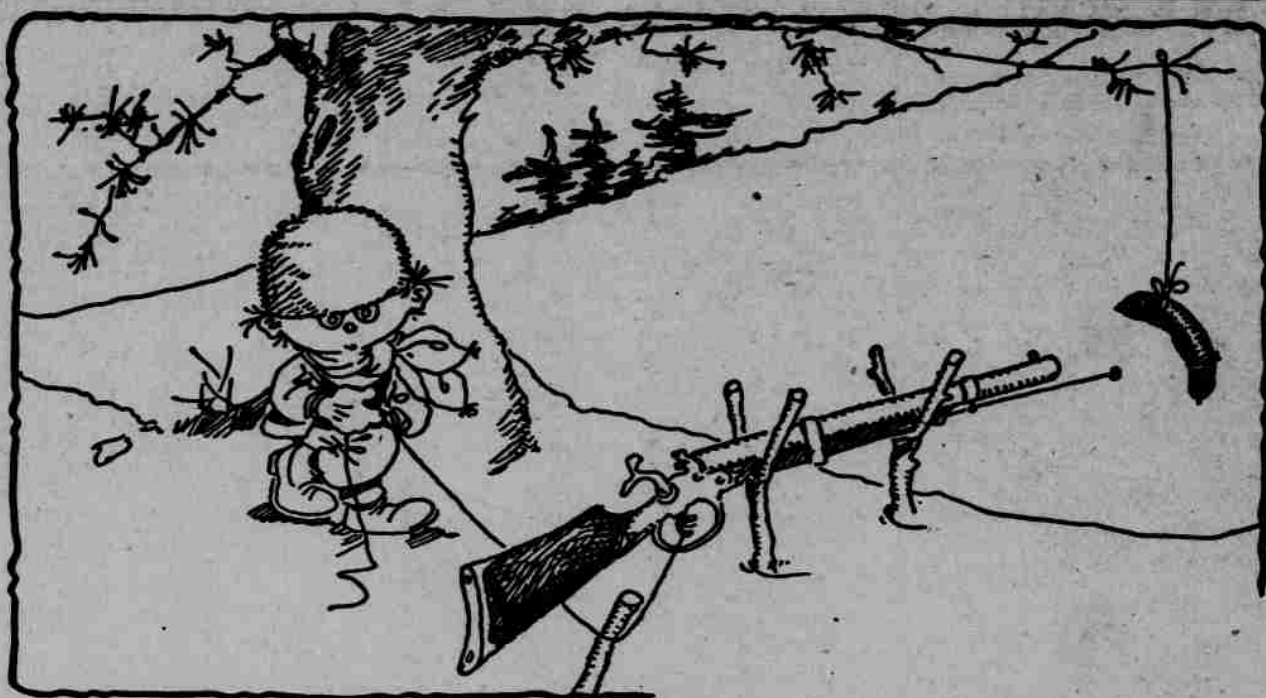
NEEDED AT HOME.

Boastful Candidate—I shall sweep everything before me.
Snow-Weary Citizen—Well, I wish they'd take you out of national politics and put you at the head of the Street Cleaning Department.



RAPID PACE.

"Looks as if you have been dissipating."
"Yes—I didn't get to roost last night until nearly sunset."



WRONG BAIT.

The Deer Hunter (after a ten hour wait)—Well, p'raps bologna sausage ain't de right bait fer 'em after all.



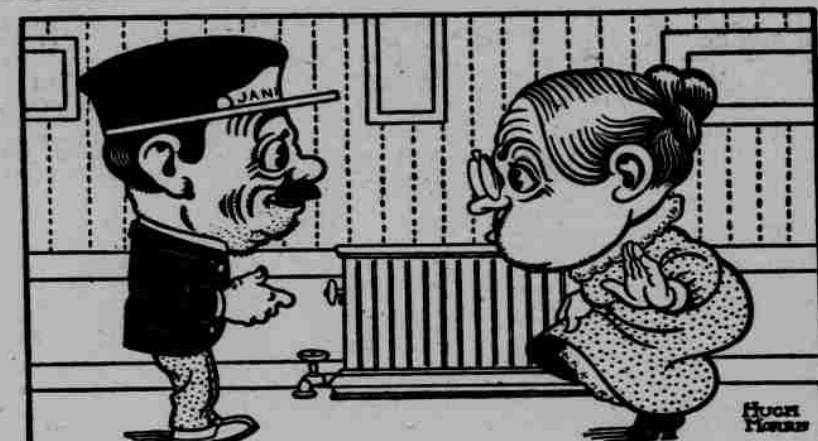
BY CONTRARIES.

First Playwright—The critics condemn your play on grounds of impropriety. They say nobody ought to see it.
Second Playwright—Then possibly everybody will see it. I once wrote one which the critics said everybody ought to see, and nobody saw it.



ESPECIALLY IN THE WINTER.

"Shovel the snow off the garden walk and I'll give you a meal."
"Sorry, lady, but my specialty is cutting grass."



IRONY.

Mrs. De Flat—This steam radiator is a frost. Not an ounce of steam has come through the pipes this winter.
The Janitor—Well, madam, I'll send a man up and have it removed. It is only in the way.
Mrs. De Flat—Oh, no, thanks. I'll just use it as a refrigerator for the butter and milk.



NOT FLATTERING.

Arthur—Somebody told me today that I was handsome.
Virginia—When was that?
Arthur—Today.
Virginia—No; I mean when were you handsome?



ON THE ICE.

"They're married."
"What makes you think so?"
"I just heard him asking her if she was ever going to learn to put on her own skates."

Piscatorial Logic

The patient fisherman baited his hook for the fiftieth time and cast his line confidently into the stream.
"Catch anything?" inquired an inquisitive passerby.
"Nope," replied the fisherman.
"Been here long?"
"Bout five hours."
"Expect to catch anything?"
"Yep."
"Doesn't look like a very good fishing stream. What makes you think there's fish in it?"
"Cause I haven't taken any out."



A FEBRUARY BABY.

"Are they worried about the baby?"
"Yes, they fear Washington and Lincoln will prevent his birthday from being observed as a national holiday."

It Was A Lemon

HE old chap had no sooner found a seat in the street car than he pulled a lemon from his coat-tail pocket, jabbed a hole in it with his finger and carried the fruit to his mouth and took a hearty draw. After he had repeated the action three or four times, making a noise like a well-pump with the valve out of repair, he rose up and walked up and down the car and offered his lemon to each of the dozen passengers. The last of them was a red-faced, hot-tempered old man, who indignantly demanded:
"What do you mean, sir?"
"It's a lemon."
"Well, sir."
"Take a draw at it. Good to bleach out that red in your face!"
"By the living jingo, you old lunatic, but you have insulted me and—" "Here, what is this!" exclaimed the conductor as he came hurrying in. "I offered him a lemon for his health," replied the man with the fruit.
"He insulted me, sir!" shouted the other.
The conductor took the lemon man and escorted him to the platform.
"You won't have a draw yourself?" was queried.
He was dropped to the street as gently as possible, and he fell down and rolled over and got up again to exclaim:
"Lost my lemon in the mud, but I can get another and will be ready for your car when it comes back!"



LATEST METHOD.

Mistah Bones, my father told me to make money like hot cakes and the world would respect me. Hot cakes are too slow. If you wants de world to respect you dese days you hab to make money lak bananas.
Lak bananas? How am dat?
In bunches. Mistah Tambo, in bunches.